

PUBLIC VIRTUE:

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P O E M.

IN THREE BOOKS.

I. AGRICULTURE.

II. COMMERCE.

III. ARTS.

By R. DODSLEY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall.

M.DCC.LIII.

Duplicate

PUBLIC VIRTUE

OF

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I. AGRICULTURE

II. COMMERCE

III. ARTS

By R. DODSLEY



LONDON:
Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall.
MDCCLXXII.

TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCE OF WALES,

THIS ATTEMPT TO DELINEATE
SUCH OBJECTS OF
PUBLIC VIRTUE,
AS BEST MAY DESERVE THE ATTENTION
OF A
BRITISH PRINCE;

IS,
WITH THE PROFOUNDEST RESPECT,
MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST DEVOTED,
MOST OBEDIENT,
AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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A R G U M E N T.

Book the FIRST.

AGRICULTURE.

A R G U M E N T.

The Proposition. Address to the PRINCE of WALES. Invocation of the Genius of Britain. Husbandry to be encouraged, as it is the source of wealth and plenty. Advice to Landlords not to oppress the Farmer. The Farmer's three great virtues. His instruments of husbandry. His servants. Description of a country statute. Episode of the fair milkmaid. The farm-yard described. The pleasures of rural life. Address to the Great to study Agriculture. An allegory, attempting to explain the theory of Vegetation.



PUBLIC VIRTUE.

BOOK the FIRST.

CANTO THE FIRST.

OF CULTURE, and the various fruits of earth;
 Of social COMMERCE; of the nobler ARTS,
 Which polish and adorn the life of man:
 Objects demanding the supreme regard
 5 Of that exalted Monarch, who sustains
 The scepter of command o'er Britain's sons;
 The Muse, disdaining idle themes, attempts
 To sing: O Thou, Britannia's rising hope!
 The favourite of her wishes! Thou O PRINCE,

10 On whom her fondest expectations wait,
 Accept the verse; and, to the humblest voice
 That sings of PUBLIC VIRTUE, lend an ear.

Genius of Britain! Pure Intelligence!
 Guardian, appointed by the One supreme,
 15 With influential energy benign,
 To guide the weal of this distinguish'd isle;
 O wake the breast of her aspiring son,
 Inform his numbers, aid his bold design,
 Who, in a daring flight, presumes to mark
 20 The glorious track her Monarchs should pursue.

From Cultivation, from the useful toils
 Of the laborious hind, the streams of wealth
 And plenty flow. Deign then, illustrious YOUTH!
 To bring th' observing eye, the liberal hand,
 25 And with a spirit congenial to Your birth,
 Regard his various labours thro' the year:

So shall the labourer smile, and You improve
The happy Country You are born to rule.

The year declining, now hath left the fields
30 Divested of their honours : the strong glebe,
Exhausted, waits the culture of the plough,
To renovate her powers. 'Tis now, intent
On honest gain, the cautious husbandman
Surveys the country round, solicitous
35 To fix his habitation on a soil
Propitious to his hopes, and to his cares.

O ye, whom Fortune in her silken robe
Enwraps benign ; whom Plenty's bounteous hand
Hath favour'd with distinction : O look down,
40 With smiles indulgent, on his new designs ;
Assist his useful works, facilitate
His honest aims, nor in Exaction's gripe
Enthrall th' endeavouring swain. Think not his toils
Were meant alone to foster you in ease

AGRICULTURE. CANTO I.

45 And pamper'd indolence : nor grudge the meed,
Which Heaven in mercy gives to chear the hand,
The labouring hand of useful Industry.
Be yours the joy to propagate Content ;
With bounteous Heaven co-operate, and reward
50 The poor man's toil, whence all your riches spring.
As in a garden, the enlivening air
Is fill'd with odours, drawn from those fair flowers
Which by its influence rise : so in his breast
Benevolent, who gives the swains to thrive,
55 Reflected live the joys his virtues lent.

But come, young Farmer, tho' by Fortune fix'd
On fields luxuriant, where the fruitful soil
Gives Labour hope ; where sheltering shades arise,
Thick fences guard, and bubbling fountains flow ;
60 Where arable and pasture duly mix ;
Yet, ere thy toils begin, attend the Muse,
And catch the moral lessons of her song.
Be frugal and be blest ; Frugality

Will give thee competence; thy gains are small,
65 Too small to bear Profusion's wasteful hand.

Make Temperance thy companion, so shall Health
Sit on thy brow, invigorating thy frame

To every useful work. And if to these

Thou happily shalt join one virtue more,

70 The love of Industry, the glowing joy

Felt from each new improvement; then fair Peace,

With modest Neatness, in her decent garb,

Shall walk around thy dwelling: while the Great,

Tir'd with the vast fatigue of Indolence,

75 Fill'd with disease by Luxury and Sloth,

Impatient curse the dilatory day,

And look with envy on thy happier state.

Prepar'd with these plain virtues, now the swain

With courage enters on his rural works.

80 First he provides the needful implements.

Of these, the honour'd plough claims chief regard.

Hence bread to man, who heretofore on mast

- Fed with his fellow brute, in woods and wilds,
Himself uncultur'd as the soil he trod.
- 85 The spiked harrow next, to break the clods,
And spread the surface of the new-plough'd field:
Nor is the roller's friendly aid unsought.
Hoes he provides, with various arms prepar'd,
T' encounter all the numerous host of weeds,
- 90 Which rise malignant, menacing his hopes.
The sweeping scythe's keen edge he whets for grass,
And turns the crooked sickle for his corn.
The fork to spread, the gathering rake to save
With providential care he treasures up.
- 95 His strong capacious wain, the dull slow ox
Drags on, deep laden, grinding the rough ruts:
While with his lighter team, the sprightly horse
Moves to the music of his tinkling bells.
Nor will his foresight lack the whirling flail,
- 100 Whose battering strokes force from the loosen'd sheaves
Their hidden stores profuse; which now demand
The quick rotation of the winnowing fan,

With blasts successive, wafting far away
The worthless chaff, to clear the golden grain.

105 And now compell'd to hire assistant strength,
Away he hastens to some neighbouring town,
Where willing Servitude, for mutual wants
Of hind and farmer, holds her * annual feast.
'Tis here the toiling hand of Industry
110 Employment seeks. The skilful ploughman, lord
And leader of the rustic band; who claims
His boy attendant, conscious of his worth
And dignity superior; boasting skill
To guide with steadiness the sliding share,
115 To scatter with an equal hand the seed,
And with a master scythe to head the train
When the ripe meadow asks the mower's hand.
Here too the thrasher, brandishing his flail,
Bespeaks a master, whose full barns demand

A

* This is call'd in the country a *Statute*; and is held annually at most market towns in England, where servants of all kinds resort in quest of places and employment.

120 A labouring arm, now ready to give up
 Their treasure, and exchange their hoarded grain
 For heaps of gold, the meed of honest toil.

The sun-burnt shepherd too, his slouching hat
 Distinguish'd well with fleecy locks, expects

125 Observance ; skill'd in wool, and lesson'd deep
 In all diseases of the bleating flock,

Mixt with the rustic throng, see ruddy maids,
 Some taught with dext'rous hand to twirl the wheel,
 Or stroak the swelling udder ; some expert

130 To raise from heaven'd wheat the kneaded loaf ;
 To mash the malted barley, and extract

Its flavour'd strength ; or with a housewife's care,
 To keep the decent habitation neat.

But now let loose to revelry and sport,

135 In clamorous mirth, indelicate and rude,
 The boisterous swains, and hoyden nymphs, provoke
 Outragious merriment.----Yet not alike

Is every swain, nor every sylvan maid ;

As Verulam the pleasing tale records,

When

CANTO I. AGRICULTURE.

9

- 140 When Patty, lovely Patty, grac'd the crowd,
Pride of the neighbouring plains. Who hath not heard
Of Patty, the fair milkmaid? Beautiful
As an Arcadian nymph, upon her brow
Sate virgin Modesty, while in her eyes
145 Young Sensibility began to play
With Innocence. Her waving locks fell down
On either side her face in careless curls,
Shading the tender blushes in her cheek.
Her breath was sweeter than the morning gale,
150 Stolen from the rose or violet's dewy leaves.
Her ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,
Thro' lips of living coral. When she spoke
Her features wore intelligence: her words
Were soft, with such a smile accompany'd,
155 As lighted in her face resistless charms.
Her polish'd neck rose rounding from her breast,
With pleasing elegance:—That lovely breast!
Ah! Fancy, dwell not there, left gay desire,
Who smiling hovers o'er th' enchanting place,

160 Tempt thy wild thoughts to dangerous extacy,
Her shape was molded by the hand of Ease;
Exact proportion harmoniz'd her frame;
While Grace, following her steps, with secret art
Stole into all her motions. Thus she walk'd

165 In sweet simplicity; a snow-white pail
Hung on her arm, the symbol of her skill
In that fair province of the rural state,
The Dairy; source of more delicious bowls
Than Bacchus from his choicest vintage boasts,

170 How great the power of Beauty! The rude swains
Grew civil at her sight; and gaping crowds
Wrapt in astonishment, with transport gaze,
Whispering her praises in each other's ear.
As when a gentle breeze, borne thro' the grove,
175 With quick vibration shakes the trembling leaves,
And hushing murmurs run from tree to tree;
So ran a spreading whisper thro' the crowd.
Young Thyrsis hearing, turn'd aside his head,

And

And soon the pleasing wonder caught his eye.
180 Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir
Of numerous acres, a large freehold farm,
Thyrsis as yet from beauty felt no pain,
Had seen no virgin he could wish to make
His wedded partner. Now his beating heart
185 Feels new emotion; now his fixed eye,
With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,
Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born Love,
No rest the night, no peace the following day
Brought to his struggling heart: her beauteous form,
190 Her fair perfections playing on his mind,
With pleasing anguish torture him. In vain
He strives to tear her image from his breast;
Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,
Returns triumphant, breaking his resolves,
195 And binding all his soul a slave to Love.

Ah! little did he know, alas, the while,
Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,

Long, long for him had heav'd the secret sigh.
 For him she drest, for him the pleasing arts
 200 She study'd, and for him she wish'd to live.
 But her low fortunes, nursing sad despair,
 Check'd the young hope ; nor durst her modest eyes
 Indulge the smallest glances of her flame,
 Lest curious Malice, like a watchful spy,
 205 Should catch the secret, and with taunts reveal.

Judge then the sweet surprize when she at length
 Beheld him, all irresolute, approach ;
 And, gently taking her fair trembling hand,
 Breathe these soft words into her listening ear.
 210 " O Patty ! dearest maid ! whose beauteous form
 " Dwells in my breast, and charms my soul to love,
 " Accept my vows ; accept a faithful heart,
 " Which from this hour devotes itself to thee :
 " Wealth has no relish, life can give no joy,
 215 " If you forbid my hopes to call you mine."
 Ah ! who the sudden tumult can describe

Of struggling passions rising in her breast?
Hope, fear, confusion, modesty, and love
Oppress her labouring soul:—She strove to speak,
220 But the faint accents dy'd upon her tongue;
Her fears prevented utterance.—At length—
“Can Thyrsis *mock* my Poverty? Can *he*
“Be so unkind? O no!—Yet I, alas,
“Too humble even to hope”—No more she said;
225 But gently, as if half unwilling, stole
Her hand from his; and, with sweet modesty,
Casting a look of diffidence and fear,
To hide her blushes, silently withdrew.
But Thyrsis read, with rapture, in her eyes
230 The language of her soul. He follow'd, woo'd,
And won her for his wife. His lowing herds
Soon call her mistress; soon their milky streams
Coagulated, rise in circling piles
Of harden'd curd; and all the dairies round,
235 To her sweet butter yield superior praise.

But

But turn, my Muse, nor let th' alluring form
Of Beauty lead too far thy devious steps.
See where the Farmer, with a master's eye,
Surveys his little kingdom, and exults
240 In sov'reign independence. At a word,
His feathery subjects in obedience flock
Around his feeding hand, who in return
Yield a delicious tribute to his board,
And o'er his couch their downy plumage spread.
245 The peacock here expands his eyeful plumes,
A glittering pageant, to the mid-day sun:
In the stiff awkwardness of foolish pride,
The swelling turkey apes his stately step,
And calls the bristling feathers round his head.
250 There the loud herald of the morning struts
Before his cackling dames, the passive slaves
Of his promiscuous pleasure. O'er the pond,
See the grey gander, with his female train,
Bending their lofty necks; and gabbling ducks,

CANTO I. AGRICULTURE.

15

- 255 Rejoicing on the surface clap their wings;
Whilst wheeling round, in airy wanton flights,
The glossy pigeons chace their sportive loves,
Or in soft cooings tell their amorous tale.
Here stacks of hay, there pyramids of corn,
260 Promise the future market large supplies:
While with an eye of triumph he surveys
His piles of wood, and laughs at Winter's frown.
In silent rumination, see the kine,
Beneath the walnut's shade, patiently wait
265 To pour into his pails their milky stores.
While pent from mischief, far from sight remov'd,
The bristly herd, within their fatt'ning styes,
Remind him to prepare, in many a row,
The gaily-blooming pea, the fragrant bean,
270 And broad-leav'd cabbage, for the ploughman's feast.

These his amusements, his employment these;
Which still arising in successive change,
Give to each vary'd hour a new delight.

Peace

Peace and Contentment with their guardian wings
275 Enclose his nightly slumbers. Rosy Health,
When the gay lark's sweet matin wakes the morn,
Treads in his dewy foot-steps round the field;
And Chearfulness attends his closing day.
No racking jealousy, nor sullen hate,
280 Nor fear, nor envy, discompose his breast.
His only enemies the prowling fox,
Whose nightly murders thin the bleating fold;
The hardy badger; the rapacious kite,
With eye malignant on the little brood,
285 Sailing around portentous; the rank fote
Thirsting, ah, savage thirst! for harmless blood;
The corn-devouring partridge; timorous hare;
Th' amphibious otter bold; the weasel fly,
Pilfering the yolk from its enclosing shell;
290 And moles, a dirty undermining race.
These all his foes, and these, alas, compar'd
With man to man, an inoffensive train.
'Gainst these, assisted by th' entangling net,

Th'

CANTO I. AGRICULTURE.

17

Th' explosive thunder of the level'd tube,
 295 Or toils unweary'd of his social friend
 The faithful dog, he wages rural war,
 And health and pleasure in the sportive field
 Obtaining, he forgives their venial crimes.

O happy he ! happiest of mortal men !
 300 Who far remov'd from slavery as from pride,
 Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to catch
 The gracious nothing of a great man's nod :
 Where the lac'd beggar bustles for a bribe,
 The purchase of his honour ; where Deceit,
 305 And Fraud, and Circumvention, drest in smiles,
 Hold shameful commerce ; and beneath the mask
 Of Friendship and Sincerity, betray.
 Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
 Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
 310 Painting or sculpture, yield to charm the eye ;
 Nor shining heaps of massy plate, enwrought
 With curious, costly workmanship, allure.

D

Tempted

AGRICULTURE. CANTO I.

Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of Power,
Nor pageants of Ambition, nor the mines
315 Of grasping Av'rice, nor the poison'd sweets
Of pamper'd Luxury, he plants his foot
With firmness on his old paternal fields,
And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects rise
Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,
320 Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,
The scenes of innocence, and calm delight.
There the wild melody of warbling birds,
And cool refreshing groves, and murmuring springs,
Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
325 From low pursuits, to meditate the God !
Turn then at length, O turn, ye sons of Wealth,
And ye who seek, thro' Life's bewildering maze,
To tread the paths of Happiness, O turn !
And trace her footsteps in the rural walk ;
330 In those fair scenes of wonder and delight,
Where, to the human eye, Omnipotence

Unfolds

CANTO I. AGRICULTURE.

19

Unfolds the map of Nature, and displays

The matchless beauty of created things.

Turn to the arts, the useful pleasing arts

335 Of Cultivation ; and those fields improve

Your erring fathers have too long despis'd.

Leave not to ignorance, and low-bred hinds,

That noblest science, which in ancient time

The minds of sages and of kings employ'd,

340 Sollicitous to learn the ways of God,

And read his works in AGRICULTURE's school.

Then hear the Muse, now entering, hand in hand

With sweet Philosophy, the secret bowers

Of deep mysterious Nature ; there t' explore

345 The causes of Fecundity, and how

The various Elements, Earth, Water, Air,

And Fire united ; the enlivening ray

Diurnal ; the prolific dews of Night ;

With all the rolling Seasons of the year ;

350 In Vegetation's work their powers combine.

D 2

Whither,

Whither, O whither, dost thou lead my steps,
 Divine Philosophy? What scenes are these,
 Which strike my wondering senses? Lo! enthron'd
 Upon a solid rock great Nature sits;
 355 Her eyes to heaven directed, as from thence
 Receiving inspiration. Round her head
 A mingled wreath of fruits and flowers entwines.
 Her robe, with every motion changing hue,
 Flows down in plenteous foldings, and conceals
 360 Her secret footsteps from the eyes of men.
 Lift! lift! what harmony, what heavenly sounds
 Enchant my ravish'd ear? 'Tis ancient * Pan,
 Who on his seven-fold pipe, to the rapt soul
 Conveys the fancy'd music of the spheres.
 365 See, by his strains the Elements inspir'd,
 Join in mysterious work; their motions led
 By † active Fire, in windings intricate,

* Mythologists have thought the universal nature of things to be signify'd
 by this god; and that his pipe, compos'd of seven reeds, was the symbol of
 the seven planets, which they say make the harmony of the spheres.

† According to Dr. Boerhave and other modern philosophers, all the mo-
 tion in nature arises from fire; and taking that away, all things would become
 fixt, and immoveable: fluids would become solid; a man would harden into a
 statue; and the very air would cohere into a firm and rigid mass.

But not perplext, nor vague. And who are They?
 What Pair obeying in alternate rounds
 370 The tuneful melody? Majestic one,
 And grave, lifting her awful forehead, moves
 In shadowy silence, borne on raven wings,
 Which, waving to the measur'd sounds, beat time.
 A veil obscures her face; a sable stole,
 375 Bedeck'd with sparkling gems, conceals her form;
 And wreaths of bending poppy crown her brow.
 The other, rais'd on swan-like spreading plumes,
 Glides gaily on; a milk-white robe invests
 His frame transparent; in his azure eyes
 380 Dwells brightness; while around his radiant head,
 A shining glory paints his flying robe,
 With all the colours of the watry bow.
 Proceeding now, in more majestic steps,
 The varying Seasons join the mystic train.
 385 In all the blooming hues of florid youth,
 Gay Spring advances smiling: on her head

A flow'ry chaplet, mixt with verdant buds,
 Sheds aromatic fragrance thro' the air ;
 While little Zephyrs, breathing wanton gales,
 390 Before her flutter, turning back to gaze,
 With looks enamour'd, on her lovely face.
 Summer succeeds, crown'd with the bearded ears
 Of ripening Harvest ; in her hand she bears
 A shining sickle ; on her glowing cheek
 395 The fervent heat paints deep a rosy blush :
 Her thin light garment, waving with the wind,
 Flows loosely from her bosom, and reveals
 To the pleas'd eye the beauties of her form.
 Then follows Autumn, bearing in her lap
 400 The blushing fruits, which Summer's sultry breath
 Had mellow'd to her hand. A clustering wreath
 Of purple grapes, half hid with spreading leaves,
 Adorns her brow. Her dew-besprinkled locks
 Begin to fall, her bending shoulders sink,
 405 And active vigour leaves her sober steps.
 Winter creeps on, shrivel'd with chilling cold ;

Bald his white crown, upon his silver beard
 Shines the hoar frost, and isicles depend,
 Rigid and stern his melancholy face;
 410 Shivering he walks, his joints benumn'd and stiff;
 And wraps in northern furs his wither'd trunk.

And now, great Nature pointing to the train
 Her heaven-directed hand, they all combine,
 In measur'd figures, and mysterious rounds,
 415 To weave the mazy dance: while to the sound
 Of Pan's immortal pipe, the Goddess join'd
 Her voice harmonious; and the listening Muse,
 Admiring, caught the wonders of her * Theme.

" To God, Supreme CREATOR! great and good!
 420 " All-wise, almighty Parent of the World!
 " In choral Symphonies of Praise and Love,
 " Let all the Powers of Nature raise the Song!
 " The watry Signs forsaking, see, the Sun,
 " Great Father of the vegetable tribes,

" Darts

* The philosophy of this hymn is built on that experimental foundation, laid
 by the learned and ingenious Dr. Hales, in his *Vegetable Statics*.

AGRICULTURE CANTO I.

- 425 ' Darts from the Ram his all-enlivening ray.
 ' When now the genial warmth Earth's yielding breast
 ' Unfolds. Her latent salts, sulphureous oils,
 ' And Air, and Water mixt; attract, repel,
 ' And raise prolific ferment. Lo! at length
 430 ' The vital Principle begins to wake:
 ' Th' emulgent fibres, stretching round the root,
 ' Seek their terrestrial nurture; which, convey'd
 ' In limpid currents thro' th' ascending tubes,
 ' And strain'd and filter'd in their secret cells;
 435 ' To its own nature every different plant
 ' Assimilating, changes: Aweful Heaven!
 ' How wond'rous is thy Work! To Thee! to Thee!
 ' Mysterious Power belongs! Summer's fierce heat
 ' Encreasing, rarifies the ductile juice.
 440 ' See, from the root, and from the bark imbib'd,
 ' Th' elastic Air impels the rising sap.
 ' Swift thro' the stem, thro' every branching arm,
 ' And smaller shoot, the vivid moisture flows,
 ' Protruding from their buds the opening leaves:
 ' Whence,

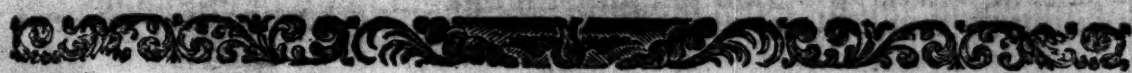
445 ' Whence, as ordain'd, th' expiring Air flows out
' In copious exhalations; and from whence
' Its noblest principles the plant inhales.

' See! see! the shooting verdure spreads around!
' Ye sons of men, with rapture view the scene!
450 ' On hill and dale, on meadow, field, and grove,
' Cloath'd in soft mingling shades from light to dark,
' The wandering eye delighted roves untir'd.
' The hawthorn's whitening bush, Pomona's blooms,
' And Flora's pencil o'er th' enamell'd green,
455 ' The varying scenes enrich. Hence every gale
' Breathes odours, every Zephyr from his wings
' Wafting new fragrance; borne from trees, from shrubs,
' Borne from the yellow cowslip, violet blue,
' From deep carnations, from the blushing rose,
460 ' From every flower and aromatic herb
' In grateful mixtures. Hence ambrosial fruits
' Yield their delicious flavours. The sweet grape,
' The mulberry's cooling juice, the luscious plumb,

465 The healthful apple, the dissolving peach,
 ' And thy rich nectar many-flavour'd pine.
 ' These are the gracious gifts, O favour'd man!
 ' These, these, to thee the gracious gifts of heav'n,
 ' A world of beauty, wonder, and delight!
 ' To God, Supreme CREATOR! great and good!
 470 ' All-wise, almighty Parent of the World!
 ' In choral Symphonies of Praise and Love,
 ' Let all the Powers of Nature close the Strain.



480 From every flower and aromatic herb
 ' In grateful mixture. Hence ambrosial fruits
 ' Yield their delicious flavours. The sweet grape,
 ' The mulberry's cooling juice, the luscious plum,
 ' The



AGRICULTURE;

Of different soils, and their cultures. Mr. Tull's principles
and practice. Of the principles and practice of the
Middlesex gardeners. Of various manners, and other
CANTO THE SECOND
Of planting timber trees. Of draining wet, and flood-
ing dry lands. Of gardening, and the gardens of
Epicurus.



The hidden properties of every glebe,
And what the different seasons each require.
The Naturalist, to sand, or loam, or clay,
Reduces all the varying soils, which clothe
The bosom of the earth with fruitful store;
Here, open, looks, amidst the golden ray,
With verdant verdure, and with verdant green.

ARGUMENT.
Of different soils, and their culture. Mr. Tull's principles and practice. Of the principles and practice of the Middlesex gardeners. Of various manures, and other methods of improving lands. Of hedging and ditching. Of planting timber trees. Of draining wet, and flooding dry lands. Of gardening, and the gardens of Epicurus.

PUBLIC VIRTUE.

BOOK the FIRST.

CANTO THE SECOND.

DEscending now from these superior themes,
O Muse, in notes familiar, teach the swain
The hidden properties of every glebe,
And what the different Culture each requires.
The Naturalist, to sand, or loam, or clay,
Reduces all the varying soils, which cloathe
The bosom of this earth with beauty. Sand,
Hot, open, loose, admits the genial ray
With freedom, and with greediness imbibes

10 The falling moisture: hence the embryo seeds,
 Lodg'd in its fiery womb, push into life
 With early haste, and hurry'd to their prime,
 (Their vital juices spent) too soon decay.

Correct this error of the ardent soil,

15 With cool manure: let stiff cohesive clay
 Give the loose glebe consistence, and firm strength:
 So shall thy labouring steers, when harvest calls,
 Bending their patient shoulders to the yoke,
 Drag home in copious loads the yellow grain.

20 Has Fortune fixt thy lot to toil in clay?

Despair not, nor repine: the stubborn soil

Shall yield to Cultivation, and reward

The hand of Diligence. Here give the plough

No rest. Break, pound the clods, and with warm
 [dungs

25 Relieve the sterile coldness of the ground,

Chill'd with obstructed water. Add to these

The sharpest sand, to open and unbind

The close-cohering mass; so shall new pores

Admit

Admit the solar beam's enlivening heat,

30 The nitrous particles of air receive,

And yield a passage to the soaking rain.

Hence fermentation, hence prolific power,

And hence the fibrous roots, in quest of food,

Find unobstructed entrance, room to spread,

35 And richer juices feed the swelling shoots:

So the strong field shall to the reaper's hand

Produce a plenteous crop of waving wheat.

But blest with ease, in plenty shall he live,

Whom Heav'n's kind hand, indulgent to his wish,

40 Hath plac'd upon a loamy soil. He views

All products of the teeming earth arise

In plenteous crops, nor scarce the needful aid

Of Culture deigns to ask. Him, nor the fears

Of scorching heat, nor deluges of rain

45 Alarm. His kindly fields sustain all change

Of seasons, and support a healthy seed,

In vigour thro' the perils of the year.

But

But new improvements curious would'st thou learn?
 Hear then the lore of fair *Berkeria's* † Son,
 50 Whose precepts, drawn from sage experience, claim
 Regard. The pasture, and the food of plants,
 First let the young Agricolist be taught:
 Then how to sow, and raise the embryo seeds
 Of every different species. Nitre, Fire,
 55 Air, Water, Earth, their various powers combine
 In Vegetation; but the genuine food
 Of every plant is earth: hence their increase,
 Their strength, and substance. Nitre first prepares
 And separates the concreted parts; which then
 60 The watry vehicle assumes, and thro'
 Th' ascending tubes, impell'd by subtle air,
 Which gives it motion, and that motion heat,
 The fine terrestrial aliment conveys.

Is earth the food of plants? their pasture then
 65 Is earth's inverted surface. This the swain,

By
 † The late Mr. Tull, of Shalborne in Berkfhire, in his *Horse-hoeing Husbandry*; or an *Essay on the Principles of Vegetation and Tillage*.

By ceaseless tillage, or the use of dung,
Must or ferment, or pulverize, to fit
For due reception of the fibrous roots;
But from the steams of ordure, from the stench
70 Of putrefaction, from stercoreous fumes
Of rottenness and filth, can sweetness spring?
Or grateful, or salubrious food to man?
As well might virgin innocence preserve
Her purity from taint, amid the stews.
75 Defile not then the freshness of thy field
With dung's polluting touch; but let the plough,
The hoe, the harrow, and the roller, lend
Their better powers, to fructify the soil;
Turn it to catch the sun's prolific ray,
80 Th' enlivening breath of air, the genial dews,
And every influence of indulgent heaven.
These shall enrich and fertilize the glebe,
And Toil's unceasing hand full well supply
The dunghill's fordid and extraneous aid.

F

Thus

85 Thus taught the *Sbalborne* Swain; who first with skill
 Led through his fields the many-coulter'd plough;
 Who first his seed committed to the ground,
 Shed from the drill by flow revolving wheels,
 In just proportion, and in even rows;
 90 Leaving 'twixt each a spacious interval,
 To introduce with ease, while yet the grain
 Expanding crown'd the intermediate ridge,
 His * new machine; form'd to exterminate
 The weedy race, (intruders who devour,
 95 But nothing pay) to pulverize the soil,
 Enlarge and change the pasture of the roots,
 And to its last perfection raise the crop:
 He taught, alas, but practis'd ill the lore
 Of his own precepts. Fell Disease, or Sloth
 100 Relax'd the hand of Industry: his Fatt'ning
 His own philosophy disgracing, brought
 Discredit on the doctrines he enforc'd.

Thus

T

Then

* The hoe-plough.

Then banish from thy fields the loiterer Sloth ;
Nor listen to the voice of thoughtless Ease.
105 Him sordidness and penury surround,
Beneath whose lazy hand the farm runs wild ;
Whose heart nor feels the joy improvement gives,
Nor leaden eye the beauties that arise
From labour, sees. Accumulated filth
110 Annoys his crowded steps ; even at his door
A yellow mucus from the dunghil stands
In squalid pools ; his buildings unrepair'd,
To ruin rush precipitate ; his fields
Disorder governs, and licentious weeds
115 Spring up unchecked ; the nettle and the dock,
Wormwood and thistles, in their seasons rise,
And deadly nightshade spreads his poison round.
Ah ! wretched he ! if chance his wandering child,
By hunger prompted, pluck th' alluring fruit !
120 Benumbing stupor creeps upon his brain ;
Wild grinning laughter soon to this succeeds ;

Strange madness then, and death in hideous form.

Mysterious Providence ! ah, why conceal'd

In such a tempting form, should poisons lurk ?

125 Ah, why so near the path of innocents,

Should spring their bahe ? But Thou alone art wise.

Thus hath the faithful Muse his lore pursu'd,

Who, trusting to the Culture of his plough,

Refus'd the dunghil's aid. Yet listen not

130 To doubtful precepts, with implicit faith :

Experience to experience oft oppos'd,

Leaves truth uncertain. See, what various crops,

In quick succession, crown the garden'd fields

On Thame's prolific bank. On Culture's hand

135 Alone, do these Horticultists rely ?

Or do they owe to London's rich manure

Those products which its crowded markets fill ?

Both lend their aid : and both with art improv'd,

Have spread the glory of their gardens wide,

140 A theme of wonder to the distant swain.

Hence

Hence the piazza'd * square, where erst, embower'd
 In solemn sloth, good Martin's lazy monks
 Dron'd out their useless lives in pamper'd ease ;
 Now boasts, from Industry's rough hand supply'd,
 145 Each various esculent the teeming earth
 In every changing season can produce.

Join then with Culture the prolific strength
 Of such manure as best inclines to aid
 Thy failing glebe. Let oily marle impart
 150 Its unctuous moisture, or the crumbling † tan
 Its glowing heat. Nor from the gazing herds,
 Nor bristly swine obscene, disdain to heap
 Their cooling ordure. Nor the warmer dungs
 Of fiery pigeons, of the stabled horse,
 155 Or folded flock, neglect. From sprinkled soot,
 From ashes strew'd around, let the damp soil
 Their nitrous salts imbibe. Scour the deep ditch
 From

* Covent Garden, which is now a market for greens, roots, &c. was formerly a garden belonging to the monks of St. Martin's convent.

† The bark of oak, after it hath been used by the tanner. It is frequently made use of for hot-beds, particularly for raising pine-apples ; and is call'd by the gardeners, *Tan*.

From its black sediment; and from the street
 Its trampled mixtures rake. Green standing pools,
 160 Large lakes, or meadows rank, in rotted heaps
 Of * unripe weeds, afford a cool manure.
 From Ocean's verge, if not too far remov'd,
 Its shelly sands convey, a warm compost,
 From land and wave commixt, with richness fraught :
 165 This the four glebe shall sweeten, and for years,
 Thro' chilly clay, its vigorous heat shall glow.
 But if nor oily marle, nor crumbling tan,
 Nor dung of cattle, nor the trampled street,
 Nor weed, nor Ocean's sand, can lend its aid ;
 170 Then, Farmer, raise immediate from their seeds,
 The juicy stalks of largely-spreading pulse,
 Beans, buck-wheat, spurry, or the climbing vetch ;
 These early reapt, and bury'd in the soil,
 Enrich the parent womb from whence they sprung.
 175 Or sow the bulbous turnep ; this shall yield

Sweet

* If weeds are suffer'd to stand till they are ripe before they are made this use
 of, their seeds will fill the ground, and it will be difficult to get them out again.

Sweet pasture to the flocks, or lowing herds,
And well prepare thy land for future crops.

Yet not alone to raise, but to secure
Thy products from invasion, and divide
180 For various use th' appropriated fields,
Disdain not thou to learn. For this, the sloe,
The furze, the holly, to thy hand present
Their branches, and their different merits boast.
But from the nurs'ry thou with care select
185 Quick hawthorn setts, well rooted, smooth and strait :
Then, low as sinks thy ditch on either side,
Let rise in height the sloping bank : there plant
Thy future fence, at intervals a foot
From each to each, in beds of richest mold.
190 Nor ends the labour here ; but to defend
Thy infant shoots from depredation; deep,
At proper distance, drive stiff oaken stakes ;
Which interwove with boughs and flexile twigs,
Frustrate the nibbling flock, or brouzing herd.

195 Thus, if from weeds, that rob them of their food,
 Or choak, by covering from the vital air,
 The hoe's neat culture keep thy thickening shoots,
 Soon shall they rise, and to thy field afford
 A beauteous, strong, impenetrable fence.

200 The linnet, goldfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
 Here, by security invited, build
 Their little nests, and all thy labours chear
 With melody; the hand of lovely May
 Here strews her sweetest blossoms; and if mixt

205 With stocks of knotted crab, ingrafted fruits,
 When Autumn crowns the year, shall smile around.

But from low shrubs, if thy ambition rise
 To cultivate the larger tree, attend.

From seeds, or suckers, layers, or setts arise

210 Their various tribes; for now exploded stands
 The vulgar fable of spontaneous birth,
 To plant or animal. He then, who, pleas'd,

In Fancy's eye beholds his future race
Rejoicing in the shades their grandfire gave ;
215 Or he whose patriot views extend to raise,
In distant ages, Britain's naval power ;
Must first prepare, inclining to the south,
A shelter'd nursery ; well from weeds, from shrubs,
Clear'd by the previous Culture of the plough,
220 From cattle fenc'd, and every peeling tooth.
Then from the summit of the fairest tree
His seed selected ripe, and sow'd in rills
On Nature's fruitful lap ; the harrow's care
Indulgent covers from keen frosts that pierce
225 Or vermin who devour. The wintry months
In embryo close the future forest lies,
And waits for germination : but in spring,
When their green heads first rise above the earth,
And ask thy fostering hand ; then to their roots
230 The light soil gently move, and strew around
Old leaves, or litter'd straw, to screen from heat
The tender infants. Leave not to vile weeds

AGRICULTURE. CANTO II.

This friendly office; whose false kindness chokes,
Or starves, the nurslings they pretend to shade.

235 When now four summers have beheld their youth
Attended in the nursery, then transplant,
The soil prepar'd, to where thy future grove
Is destin'd to uprear its leafy head.
Avoid the error of impatience. He

240 Who, eager to enjoy the cooling shade
His hands shall raise, removes at vast expence
Tall trees; with envy and regret shall see
His neighbour's infant plants soon, soon outstrip
The tardy followers of his dwindling copse.

245 But if thy emulation's generous pride
Would boast the largest timber, fruit and strong;
Thick let the seedlings in their native beds
Stand unremov'd; so shall each lateral branch,
Obstructed, send its nourishment to raise
250 The towering stem: and they whose vigorous health
Exalts

Exalts above the rest their lofty heads,
 Aspiring still, shall spread their powerful arms,
 While the weak puny race, obscur'd below,
 Sickening, die off, and leave their victors room.

255 Nor small the praise the skilful Planter claims
 From his befriended country. Various Arts
 Borrow from him materials. The soft Beech,
 And close-grain'd Box, employ the turner's wheel,
 And with a thousand implements supply
 260 Mechanic skill. Their beauteous veins the Yew
 And Phyllerea lend, to surface o'er
 The cabinet. Smooth Linden best obeys
 The carver's chisel; best his curious work
 Displays in all its nicest touches. Birch - - -
 265 Ah, why should Birch supply the chair? since oft
 Its cruel twigs compel the smarting youth
 To dread the hateful seat. Tough-bending Ash
 Gives to the humble swain his useful plough,
 And for the peer his prouder chariot builds.

270 To weave our baskets the soft Osier lends
 His pliant twigs : Staves that nor shrink nor swell,
 The cooper's close-wrought cask to Chesnut owes.
 The sweet-leav'd Walnut's undulated grain,
 Polish'd with care, adds to the workman's art
 275 Its varying beauties. The tall towering Elm,
 Scoop'd into hollow tubes, in secret streams
 Conveys for many a mile the limpid wave ;
 Or from its height when humbled to the ground,
 Conveys the pride of mortal man to dust.
 280 And last the Oak, king of Britannia's woods,
 And guardian of her isle ! whose sons robust,
 The best supporters of incumbent weight,
 Their beams and pillars to the builder give,
 Of strength immense : or in the bounding deep
 285 The loose foundations lay of floating walks,
 Impreguably secure. But sunk, but fallen
 From all your ancient grandeur, O ye groves !
 Beneath whose lofty venerable boughs
 The Druid erst his solemn rites perform'd,

And

290 And taught to distant realms his sacred lore,
Where are your beauties fled? where but to serve
Your thankless country, who unblushing sees
Her naked forests longing for your shade.

The task, the glorious task, for Thee remains,
295 O PRINCE belov'd! for Thee, more nobly born.
Than for Thyself alone, the patriot work
Yet unattempted waits. O let not pass
The fair occasion to remotest time
Thy name with praise, with honour to transmit!
300 So shall Thy country's rising fleets, to Thee
Owe future triumphs; so her naval strength,
Supported from within, shall fix Thy claim
To Ocean's sovereignty; and to Thy ports,
In every climate of the peopled earth,
305 Bear Commerce; fearless, unresisted, safe.
Let then the great ambition fire Thy breast,
For this, Thy native land! Replace the lost
Inhabitants of her deserted plains.

Let Thame once more on Windsor's lofty hills
 310 Survey young forests planted by Thy hand,
 Let fair Sabrina's flood again behold
 The * Spaniard's terror rise renew'd. And Trent,
 From Sherwood's ample plains, with pride convey
 The bulwarks of her country to the main.
 315 O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
 Might these his rural notes, to future time
 Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
 Rose to their tuneful melody. But, ah!
 Beneath the feeble efforts of a Muse
 320 Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome;
 A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,
 Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
 And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
 The weak presumption, the fond hope expires.
 325 Yet sure some sacred impulse stirs my breast!

I feel,

* The officers on board the Spanish fleet in 1588, called the Invincible Armado, had it in their orders, if they could not subdue the island, at least to destroy the forest of Dean, which is in the neighbourhood of the river Severn.

I feel, I feel an heavenly guest within
And all-obedient to the ruling God,
The pleasing task which he inspires, pursues

And hence, disdaining low and trivial things;

330 Why should I tell of him whose obvious art,

To drain the low damp meadow, sloping finks

A hollow trench, which arch'd at half its depth,

Cover'd with filtering brush-wood, furze or broom,

And surfac'd o'er with earth; in secret streams

335 Draws its collected moisture from the glebe?

Or why of him, who o'er his sandy fields,

Too dry to bear the sun's meridian beam,

Calls from the neighbouring hills obsequious springs,

Which led in winding currents thro' the mead,

340 Cool the hot soil, refresh the thirsty plain,

While wither'd plants reviving smile around?

But sing, O Muse! the swain, the happy swain,

Whom Taste and Nature leading o'er his fields,

Conduct to every rural beauty. See!

- 345 Before his footsteps winds the waving walk,
 Here gently rising, there descending flow
 Thro' the tall grove, or near the water's brink,
 Where flowers besprinkled paint the shelving bank,
 And weeping willows bend, to kiss the stream.
- 350 Now wandering o'er the lawn he roves, and now
 Beneath the hawthorn's secret shade reclines:
 Where purple violets hang their bashful heads,
 Where yellow cowslips, and the blushing pink,
 Their mingled sweets, and lovely hues combine.
- 355 Here, shelter'd from the north, his ripening fruits
 Display their sweet temptations from the wall,
 Or from the gay espalier: while below,
 His various esculents, from glowing beds,
 Give the fair promise of delicious feasts.
- 360 There from his forming hand new scenes arise,
 The fair creation of his Fancy's eye.
 Lo! bosom'd in the solemn shady grove,

Whose

Whose reverend branches wave on yonder hill,
 He views the moss-grown temple's ruin'd tower,
 365 Cover'd with creeping ivy's cluster'd leaves;
 The mansion seeming of some rural God,
 Whom Nature's choristers, in untaught hymns
 Of wild yet sweetest harmony, adore.
 From the bold brow of that aspiring steep,
 370 Where hang the nibbling flocks, and view below
 Their downward shadows in the glassy wave,
 What pleasing landscapes spread before his eye
 Of scatter'd villages, and winding streams,
 And meadows green, and woods, and distant spires
 375 Seeming, above the blue horizon's bound,
 To prop the canopy of heaven. Now lost
 Amidst a blooming wilderness of shrubs,
 The golden Orange, Arbuté ever green,
 The early-blooming Almond, feathery Pine,
 380 Fair * Opulus, to Spring, to Autumn dear,
 And the sweet shades of varying verdure, caught
 From soft Acacia's gently-waving branch,

H

Heedless.

* The Gelder Rose.

50 AGRICULTURE. CANTO II.

Heedless he wanders: while the grateful scents
 Of Sweet-briar, Roses, Honyfuckles wild,
 385 Regale the smell; and to th' enchanted eye
 Mezereon's purple, Laurustinus' white,
 And pale Laburnum's pendent flowers display
 Their different beauties. O'er the smooth-thorn grass
 His lingering footsteps leisurely proceed,
 390 In meditation deep:—When, hark! the sound
 Of distant water steals upon his ear;
 And sudden opens to his pausing eye
 The rapid rough cascade, from the rude rock
 Down dashing in a stream of lucid foam:
 395 Then glides away, meandering o'er the lawn,
 A liquid surface; shining seen afar,
 At intervals, beneath the shadowy trees;
 Till lost and bury'd in the distant grove.
 Wrapt into sacred musing, he reclines
 400 Beneath the covert of embowering shades;
 And, painting to his mind the bustling scenes
 Of Pride and bold Ambition, pities Kings.

Genius of Gardens ! Nature's fairest Child !

Thou who, inspir'd by the Directing Mind

405 Of Heaven, did'st plan the scenes of paradise !

Thou at whose bidding rose th' Hesperian bowers

Of ancient fame, the fair Aonian mount,

Castalian springs, and all th' enchanting groves

Of Tempe's vale : O where hast thou been hid ?

410 For ages where have stray'd thy steps unknown ?

Welcome at length, thrice welcome to the shore

Of Britain's beauteous Isle ; where verdant plains,

Where hills and dales, and woods and waters join

To aid thy pencil, favour thy designs,

415 And give thy varying landscapes every charm.

Drive then * Batavia's monsters from our shades ;

Nor let unhallow'd shears profane the form,

Which Heaven's own hand, with symmetry divine,

Hath given to all the vegetable tribes.

420 Banish the regular deformity

H 2

Of

* The taste for strait lines, regular platforms, and clipt trees, was imported from Holland at the Revolution.

Of plans by line and compass, rules abhor'd
 In Nature's free plantations; and restore
 Its pleasing wildness to the garden walk;
 The calm serene recess of thoughtful man,
 425 In Meditation's silent sacred hour.

And lo! the progress of thy steps appears
 In fair improvements scatter'd round the land.
 Earliest in Chiswick's beauteous model seen:
 There thy first favourite, in the happy shade
 430 To Nature introduc'd, the Goddess woo'd,
 And in sweet rapture there enjoy'd her charms.
 In Richmond's venerable woods and wilds,
 The calm retreat, where weary'd Majesty,
 Unbending from his cares for Britain's Peace,
 435 Steals a few moments to indulge his own.
 On Oatland's brow, where Grandeur sits enthron'd,
 Smiling on Beauty. In the lovely vale
 Of Esher, where the mole glides lingering, loth
 To leave such scenes of sweet simplicity.

The taste for fruit trees, regular plantations, and clipped trees, was imported from Holland at the Revolution.

440 In * Woburn's ornamented fields, where gay
 Variety, where mingling lights and shades,
 Where lawns and groves, and opening prospects break,
 With sweet surprize, upon the wandering eye.

On Hagley's hills, irregular and wild,
 445 Where thro' romantic scenes of hanging woods,
 And vallies green, and rocks, and hollow dales,
 While Echo talks, and Nymphs and Dryads play,
 Thou rov'st enamour'd; leading by the hand

Its Master, who, inspir'd with all thy Art,
 450 Adds Beauties to what Nature plan'd so fair,

Hail, sweet Retirement! Wisdom's peaceful seat!
 Where lifted from the crowd, and calmly plac'd
 Beyond the deafening roar of human strife,
 Th' † Athenian sage his happy followers taught,
 455 That Pleasure sprang from Virtue. Gracious Heaven!
 How worthy thy divine beneficence,
 This fair establish'd truth! ye blissful bowers,

Ye

* Mr. Southcote's.

† Epicurus; who on account of teaching in his garden, was call'd the Garden Philosopher; and his disciples, the Philosophers of the Garden.

Ye vocal groves whose echoes caught his lore,
 O might I hear, thro' Time's long tract convey'd,
 460 The moral lessons taught beneath your shades!
 And lo, transported to the sacred scenes,
 Such the divine enchantment of the Muse,
 I see the sage; I hear, I hear his voice.
 "The end of life is Happiness; the means
 465 "That end to gain, fair Virtue gives alone.
 "From the vain phantoms of delusive *Fear*,
 "Or strong *Desire*'s intemp'rance, spring the woes
 "Which human life embitter. Oh, my sons,
 "From Error's darkening clouds, from groundless *Fear*
 470 "Enfeebling all her powers, with early skill,
 "Clear the bewilder'd mind! Let *Fortitude*
 "Establish in your breasts her steadfast throne;
 "So shall the stings of Evil fix no wound;
 "Nor dread of poverty, nor pain, nor grief,
 475 "Nor life's disasters, nor the fear of death,
 "Shake the just purpose of your steady souls!
 "The golden curb of *Temp'rance* next prepare,
 "To

- " To rein th' impetuous sallies of *Desire*.
 " He, who the kindling sparks of Anger checks,
 480 " Shall ne'er with fruitless tears in vain lament
 " Its flame's destructive rage. Who from the vale
 " Ambition's dangerous pinnacle surveys;
 " Safe from the blast which shakes the towering pile,
 " Enjoys secure repose, nor dreads the storm
 485 " When public clamours rise. Who cautious turns
 " From lewd Temptation smiling in the eye
 " Of Wantonness, hath burst the golden bands
 " Of future Anguish; hath redeem'd his frame
 " From early feebleness, and dire disease.
 490 " Who lets the griping hand of Av'rice pinch
 " To narrow selfishness the social heart;
 " Excludes fair Friendship, Charity, and Love,
 " From their divine exertions in his breast.
 " And see, my friends, this Garden's little bound,
 495 " So small the wants of Nature, well supplies
 " Our board with plenty; roots, or wholesome pulse,
 " Or herbs, or flavour'd fruits: and from the stream
 " The

" The hand of Moderation fills a cup;

" To thirst delicious. Hence nor fevers rise,

500 " Nor surfeits, nor the boiling blood, inflam'd

" With turbid violence, the veins distends.

" Hear then, and weigh the moment of my words.

" Who thus the sensual appetites restrain,

" Enjoy the * heavenly Venus of these shades,

505 " Celestial Pleasure; tranquil and secure,

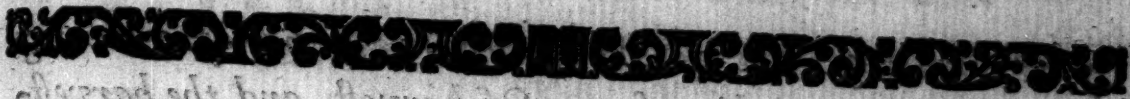
" From Pain, Disease, and anxious Troubles free.

* He plac'd in his garden a statue of the *Venus Celestis*, which probably he might intend should be symbolical of his Doctrine.



AGRI-

A R C U M E N T



more than, or taking place. Of herbage, and the herbage
lands. The herbage of England will regard to its use
Cattle, Sheep, Horses, Pigs, &c.

AGRICULTURE;

From the time of the Romans, the cultivation of the earth to the use of sheep, cattle and horses
Of the sheep. Of their diseases. Sheep-breeding.

CANTO THE THIRD.

Of the sheep. Of their diseases. Sheep-breeding.
Of the cattle. Of their diseases. Cattle-breeding.
Of the horses. Of their diseases. Horse-breeding.



A R G U M E N T.

Of hay-making. A method of preserving hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Of harvest, and the harvest-home. The praises of England with regard to its various products. Apples. Hops. Hemp. Flax. Coals. Fuller's-earth. Stone. Lead. Tin. Iron. Dyer's Herbs. Esculents. Medicinals. Transition from the cultivation of the earth to the care of sheep, cattle and horses. Of feeding sheep. Of their diseases. Sheep-shearing. Of improving the breed. Of the dairy and its products. Of horses. The draught-horse---road-horse---bunter---race-horse---and war-horse. Concluding with an address to the PRINCE to prefer the arts of Peace to those of War.

PUBLIC VIRTUE.

Book the FIRST.

CANTO THE THIRD.

WHILE thus at ease, beneath embellish'd shades,
 We rove delighted ; lo ! the ripening mead
 Calls forth the labouring hinds. In slanting rows,
 With still-approaching step, and level'd stroke,
 5 The early mower, bending o'er his scythe,
 Lays low the slender grass ; emblem of Man,
 Falling beneath the ruthless hand of Time.
 Then follows blithe, equipt with fork and rake,
 In light array, the train of nymphs and swains.

10 Wide o'er the field, their labour seeming sport,
They toss the withering herbage. Light it flies,
Borne on the wings of Zephyr ; whose soft gale,
Now while th' ascending sun's bright beam exhales
The grateful sweetness of the new-mown hay,
15 Breathing refreshment, fans the toiling swain.
And soon, the jocund dale and echoing hill
Resound with merriment. The simple jest,
The village tale of scandal, and the taunts
Of rude unpolish'd wit, raise sudden bursts
20 Of laughter from beneath the spreading oak,
Where thrown at ease, and shelter'd from the sun,
The plain repast, and wholesome bev'rage cheer
Their spirits. Light as air they spring, renew'd,
To social labour : soon the ponderous wain
25 Moves slowly onwards with its fragrant load,
And swells the barn capacious : or, to crown
Their toil, large tapering pyramids they build,
The magazines of Plenty, to ensure
From Winter's want the flocks, and lowing herds.

But

- 30 But do the threatening clouds precipitate
Thy work, and hurry to the field thy team,
Ere the sun's heat, or penetrating wind,
Hath drawn its moisture from the fading grass?
Or hath the bursting shower thy labours drench'd
35 With sudden inundation? Ah, with care
Accumulate thy loads, or in the mow,
Or on the rising rick. The smother'd damps,
Fermenting, glow within; and latent sparks
At length ingender'd, kindle by degrees,
40 Till, wide and wider spreading, they admit
The fatal blast, which instantly consumes,
In flames resistless, thy collected store.
This dire disaster to avoid, prepare
A hollow basket, or the concave round
45 Of some capacious vessel; to its sides
Affix a triple cord: then let the swains,
Full in the center of thy purpos'd heap,
Place the obtrusive barrier; raising still

As they advance, by its united bands,
50 The wide machine. Thus leaving in the midst
An empty space, the cooling air draws in,
And from the flame, or from offensive taints
Pernicious to thy cattle, saves their food.

And now the ruler of the golden day,
55 From the fierce Lion glows with heat intense;
While Ceres on the ripening field looks down
In smiles benign. Now with enraptur'd eye,
The end of all his toil, and its reward,
The Farmer views. Ah, gracious Heaven! attend
60 His fervent prayer: restrain the tempest's rage,
The dreadful blight disarm; nor in one blast
The products of the labouring year destroy!
Yet vain is Heaven's indulgence; for when now
In ready ranks th' impatient reapers stand,
65 Arm'd with the scythe or sickle: — echoes shrill
Of winding horns, the shouts and hallooings loud
Of huntsmen, and the cry of opening hounds,

- Float in the gale melodious, but invade
His frightened sense with dread. Near and more near
70 Th' unwelcome sounds approach ; and sudden o'er
His fence the tall stag bounds : in close pursuit
The hunter train, on many a noble steed,
Undaunted follow ; while the eager pack
Burst unresisted thro' the yielding hedge.
75 In vain, unheard, the wretched hind exclaims ;
The ruin of his crop in vain laments :
Deaf to his cries, they traverse the ripe field
In cruel exultation ; trampling down
Beneath their feet, in one short moment's sport,
80 The peace, the comfort of his future year.
Unfeeling Wealth ! ah, when wilt thou forbear
Thy insults, thy injustice to the Poor ?
When taste the bliss of nursing in thy breast
The sweet sensations of Humanity ?
85 Yet all are not destroyers : some unspoil'd
By Fortune, still preserve a feeling heart.

And!

And see the yellow fields, with labourers spread,
 Resign their treasures to the reaper's hand.
 Here stands in comely order on the plain,
 90 And cluster'd sheafs, the king of golden corn,
 Unbearded Wheat, support of human life :
 There rises in round heaps the maltster's hope,
 Grain which the reaper's care solicits best
 By tempting promises of potent beer,
 95 The joy, the meed of thirst-creating toil :
 The poor man's * clammy fare the sickle reaps ;
 The steed's light provender obeys the scythe.
 Labour and mirth united, glow beneath
 The mid-day sun ; the laughing hinds rejoice ;
 100 Their master's heart is open'd, and his eye
 Looks with indulgence on the gleaning Poor.
 At length, adorn'd with boughs and garlands gay,
 Nods the last load along the shouting field.
 Now to the God of Harvest in a song
 105 The grateful Farmer pays accepted thanks,

With

* Rye, on which is made a coarse clammy kind of bread, us'd by the poorer people in many parts of England, on account of its cheapness.

CANTO III. AGRICULTURE.

65

With joy unfeign'd : while to his ravish'd ear
The gratulations of assisting swains
Are music. His exulting soul expands ;
He presses every aiding hand ; he bids
110 The plenteous feast, beneath some spreading tree,
Load the large board ; and circulates the bowl,
The copious bowl, unmeasur'd, unrestrain'd,
A free libation to th' immortal Gods,
Who crown with plenty the prolific soil.
115 Hail, favour'd Island ! happy Region, hail !
Whose temperate skies, mild air, and genial dews,
Enrich the fertile glebe ; blessing thy sons
With various products, to the life of Man
Indulgent. Thine Pomona's choicest gift,
120 The tasteful apple, rich with racy juice,
Theme of thy envy'd song, Silurian bard ;
Affording to the swains, in sparkling cups,
Delicious bev'rage. Thine, on Cantium's hills,
The flow'ry hop, whose tendrils climbing round

K

The

- 125 The tall aspiring pole, bear their light heads
 Aloft, in pendent clusters; which in Malt's
 Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age
 Preserves the potent draught. Thine too the plant,
 To whose tough stringy stalks thy num'rous fleets
 130 Owe their strong cordage: with her sister stem,
 Her fairer sister, whence Minerva's * tribe,
 T' enfold in softness Beauty's lovely limbs,
 Present their woven texture: and from whence,
 A second birth, grows the † Papyrean leaf,
 135 A tablet firm, on which the Painter-bard
 Delineates thought, and to the wondering eye
 Embodies vocal air, and groups the sound.

With various blessings teems thy fruitful womb.

- Lo! from the depth of many a yawning mine,
 140 Thy fossil treasures rise. Thy blazing hearths,
 From deep sulphureous pits, consumeless stores

Of

* Minerva is said to have invented the art of weaving.

† The leaf of the Egyptian plant, Papyrus, was anciently used for writing upon; from whence is deriv'd the present name of our material call'd Paper.

in
Dr.
Per
com
that
Brit
firm
Gre

Of fuel boast, Thy oil-imbibing * earth,
 The fuller's mill assisting, safe defies
 All foreign rivals in the clothier's art.
 145 The builder stone thy numerous quarries hide;
 With lime, its close concomitant. The hills,
 The barren hills of Derby's wildest Peak,
 In lead abound; soft, fusile, malleable;
 Whose ample sheets thy venerable domes,
 150 From rough inclement storms of wind and rain,
 In safety clothe. Devon's ancient mines,
 Whose treasures tempted first Phœnicia's sons
 To court thy commerce, still exhaustless, yield
 The valued ore, from whence, Britannia, Thou
 155 Thine honour'd † name deriv'st. Nor want'st thou store

K 2

Of

* Fuller's earth is found in no other country; and as it is of so great a use in the manufacturing of cloth, the exportation of it is prohibited. Dr. Woodward says this fossil is of more value to England than the mines of Peru would be.

† The learned antiquary, Bochart, is of opinion, that the Phœnicians, coming to buy tin in the island of Albion, gave it the name of Barat-Anac, that is, the Land or Country of Tin: which being soften'd by the Greeks into Britannia, was adopted by the Romans. This etymology seems to be confirm'd by the Grecians calling the isles of Scilly, Cassiterides, which signifies in Greek, the same as Barat-Anac in Phœnician. Rapin.

Of that all-ufeful metal, the fupport
 Of every art mechanic. Hence arife
 In Dean's large foreft numerous glowing kilns,
 The rough rude ore calcining; whence convey'd
 160 To the fierce furnace, its intenfer heat
 Melts the hard mafs; which flows, an iron fteam,
 On fandy beds below: and ftiffening there,
 A ponderous lump, but to the hammer tam'd,
 Takes from the forge, in bars, its final form.

165 But the glad Mufe, from fubterranean caves
 Emerging, views with wonder and delight,
 What numerous products ftill remain unfung.
 With fifh abound thy freams; thy fheltering woods
 To fowl give friendly covert; and thy plains
 170 The cloven-footed race, in various herds,
 Range undifturb'd. Fair Flora's fweeteft buds
 Blow on thy beauteous bofom; and her fruits
 Pomona pours in plenty on thy lap.

Thou

Thou to the dyer's tinging cauldron giv'st
 175 The yellow-staining weed, * luteola ;
 The † glastum brown, with which thy naked sons
 In ancient time their hardy limbs distain'd ;
 Nor the rich ‡ rubia does thine hand withhold.

Grateful and salutary spring the plants,
 180 Which crown thy numerous gardens, and invite
 To Health and Temperance, in the simple meal,
 Unstain'd with murder, undefil'd with blood,
 Unpoison'd with rich sauces, to provoke
 Th' unwilling appetite to Gluttony.
 185 For this, the bulbous esculents their roots
 With sweetness fill ; for this, with cooling juice

* Weld, commonly call'd Dyer's weed.

† Woad.

‡ Madder, which is used by the dyers for making the most solid and richest red ; and as Mortimer observes, was thought so valuable in King Charles the First's time, that it was made a Patent Commodity. * But the cultivation of it hath since been so strangely neglected, that we now purchase from the Dutch the greatest part of what we use, to the amount, as Mr. Miller in his Gardener's Dictionary says he hath been inform'd, of near thirty thousand pounds a year.

The green herb spreads its leaves ; and opening buds,
And flowers, and seeds, with various flavours tempt
Th' ensanguin'd palate from its savage feast.

190 Nor hath the God of Physick and of Day
Forgot to shed kind influence on thy plants
Medicinal. Lo ! from his beaming rays
Their various energies to every herb
Imparted flow. He the salubrious leaf
195 Of cordial sage, the purple-flowering head
Of fragrant lavender, enlivening mint,
Valerian's fetid smell, endows benign
With their cephalic virtues. He the root
Of broad angelica, and tufted flower
200 Of creeping chamomile, impregnates deep
With powers carminative. In every brake
Wormwood and centaury, their bitter juice,
To aid Digestion's sickly powers, refine.
The smooth * althæa its balsamic wave

Indulgent

* Marsh-mallows.

205 Indulgent pours. Eryngo's strengthening root
 Surrounds thy sea-girt isle, restorative,
 Fair queen of Love, to thy enfeebled sons.

* Hypericum, beneath each sheltering bush,
 Its healing virtue modestly conceals.

210 Thy friendly soil to liquorice imparts
 Its dulcet moisture, whence the labouring lungs
 Of panting Asthma find a sure relief;
 The scarlet poppy, on thy painted fields,

Bows his somniferous head, inviting soon
 215 To peaceful slumber the disorder'd mind.
 Lo, from thy baum's exhilarating leaf,
 The moping fiend, black Melancholy, flies;
 And burning Febris, with its lenient flood,
 Cools her hot entrails; or embathes her limbs

220 In sudorific streams, that cleansing flow
 From saffron's friendly spring. Thou too can'st boast
 The † blessed thistle, whose rejective power
 Relieves the loaded viscera; and to thee

The

* St. John's-wort.

† Carduus, call'd by physical writers Carduus benedictus.

The rose, the violet their emollient leaves
 225 On every bush, on every bank, display.

These are thy products, fair Britannia, these
 The copious blessings, which thy envy'd sons,
 Divided and distinguish'd from the world,
 Secure and free, beneath just laws, enjoy.
 230 Nor dread the ravage of destructive War;
 Nor black Contagion's pestilential breath;
 Nor rending Earth's convulsions, — fields, flocks, towns,
 Swallow'd abrupt, in Ruin's frightful jaws;
 Nor worse, far worse than all, the iron hand
 235 Of lawless power, stretch'd o'er precarious wealth,
 Lands, liberty, and life, the wanton prey
 Of its enormous, unresisted gripe.

But further now in Vegetation's paths,
 Thro' cultur'd fields, and woods, and waving crops,
 240 The weary'd Muse forbears to wind her walk.
 To flocks and herds her future strains aspire,

And let the listening hinds instructed hear
The closing precepts of her labour'd song.

Lo! on the side of yonder flanting hill,

245 Beneath a spreading oak's broad foliage, sits

The shepherd swain, and patient by his side,

His watchful dog; while round the nibbling flocks

Spread their white fleeces o'er the verdant slopes,

A landscape pleasing to the painter's eye.

250 Mark his paternal care: The tender race,

Of heat impatient, as of pinching cold

Afraid, he shelters from the rising sun,

Beneath the mountain's western side; and when

The evening beam shoots eastward, turning seeks

255 Th' alternate umbrage. Now to sweetest food

Of fallow fields he leads, and nightly folds,

T' enrich th' exhausted soil: defending safe

From murd'rous thieves, and from the prowling fox,

Their helpless innocence. His skilful eye

260 Studios explores the latent ills which prey

Upon the bleating nation. The foul mange
 Infectious, their impatient foot, by oft
 Repeated scratchings, will betray. This calls
 For his immediate aid, the spreading taint
 265 To stop. Tobacco, in the briny wave
 Infus'd, affords a wash of sovereign use
 To heal the dire disease. The wriggling tail
 Sure indication gives, that, bred beneath,
 Devouring vermin lurk: these, or with dust
 270 Or deaden'd lime besprinkled thick, fall off
 In smother'd crowds. Diseases numerous
 Assault the harmless race, but chief the Fiend
 Which taints with rottenness their inward frame,
 And sweeps them from the plain in putrid heaps,
 275 A nuisance to the smell. This, this demands
 His watchful care. If he perceives the fleece
 In patches lost; if the dejected eye
 Looks pale and languid; if the rosy gums
 Change to a yellow foulness; and the breath,
 280 Panting and short, emits a sickly stench;

Warn'd

Warn'd by the fatal symptoms, he removes
To rising grounds and dry, the tainted flock;
The best expedient to restore that health
Which the full pasture, or the low damp moor
285 Endanger'd. But if bare and barren hills,
Or dry and sandy plains, too far remov'd,
Deny their aid; he speedily prepares
Rue's bitter juice, with brine and brimstone mixt,
A powerful remedy; which from an horn
290 Injected, stops the dangerous malady.

Refulgent Summer now his hot domain
Hath carry'd to the tropic; and begins
His backward journey. Now beneath the sun
Mellowing their fleeces for th' impending shears,
295 The woolly people in full cloathing sweat
When the smooth current of a limpid brook
The shepherd seeks, and plunging in its waves
The frightened innocents, their whitening robes
In the clear stream grow pure. Emerging hence,

300 On litter'd straw the bleating flocks reclines;
 Till glowing heat shall dry, and breathing dew
 Perspiring soft, again thro' all the fleece
 Diffuse their oily fatness. Then the swain
 Prepares th' elastic shears, and gently down

305 The patient creature lays; divesting soon
 Its lighten'd limbs of their encumbering load.

O more than mines of gold, than diamonds far
 More precious, more important is the fleece!
 This, this the solid base on which the sons
 310 Of Commerce build, exalted to the sky,
 The structure of their grandeur, wealth, and power!
 Hence in the earliest childhood of her state,
 Ere yet her merchants spread the British sail,
 To earth descending in a radiant cloud,
 315 Britannia seiz'd th' invaluable spoil.
 To Ocean's verge exulting swift she flew;
 There, on the bosom of the bounding wave,
 Rais'd on her pearly car, fair Commerce rode!

Sublime,

Sublime, the goddess of the watry world,
 320 On every coast, in every clime ador'd,
 High waving in her hand the woolly prize,
 Britannia hail'd and beckon'd to her shore
 The Power benign. Invited by the Fleece,
 From whence her penetrating eyes foresaw
 325 What mighty honours to her name should rise,
 She beam'd a gracious smile. Th' obedient winds,
 Rein'd by her hand, conducted to the beach
 Her sumptuous car. But more convenient place
 The Muse shall find, to sing the friendly league,
 330 Which here commenc'd, to Time's remotest age,
 Shall bear the glory of the British sail,
 Cautious and fearful, some in early spring
 Recruit their flocks; as then the wintry storms
 Their tender frame hath prov'd. But he whose aim
 335 Ambitious should aspire to mend the breed,
 In fruitful Autumn stocks the bleating field
 With buxom ewes, that, to their soft desires

Indulgent,

Indulgent, he may give the noblest rams.

Yet not too early to the genial sport

340 Invite the modest ewe ; let Michael's feast

Commemorate the deed ; lest the cold hand

Of Winter pinch too hard the new-yea'd lamb.

How nice, how delicate appears his choice,

When fixing on the fire to raise his flock

345 His shape, his marks, how curious he surveys

His body large and deep, his buttocks broad,

Give indication of internal strength :

Be short his legs, yet active ; small his head ;

So shall Lucina's pains less pungent prove,

350 And less the hazard of the teeming ewe :

Long be his tail, and large his wool-grown ear ;

Thick, shining, white, his fleece ; his hazel eye

Large, bold, and cheerful ; and his horns, if horns

You chuse, not strait, but curving round and round

355 On either side his head. These the sole arms

His inoffensive mildness bears ; not made

For shedding blood, nor hostile war: yet these,
When love, all-powerful, swells his breast, and pours
Into his heart new courage; these he aims,
360 With meditated fury at his foe.

In glowing colours, here the tempted Muse
Might paint the rushing conflict, when provok'd,
The rival rams, opposing front to front,
Spring forth with desperate madness to the fight.
365 But as deter'd by the superior Bard,
Whose steps, at awful distance, I revere,
Nor dare to tread; so by the thundering strife
Of his majestic fathers of the herd,
My feeble combatants appall'd retreat.

370 At leisure now, O let me once again,
Once, ere I leave the cultivated fields,
My favourite Patty, in her dairy's pride,
Revisit; and the generous steeds which grace
The pastures of her swain, well-pleas'd survey.

The

375 The lowing kine, see, at their custom'd hour,
 Wait the returning pail. The rosy maid,
 Crouching beneath their side, in copious streams
 Exhausts the swelling udder, Vessels large
 And broad, by the sweet hand of Neatness clean'd,
 380 Mean-while, in decent order rang'd appear,
 The milky treasure, strain'd thro' filtering lawn,
 Intended to receive. At early day,
 Sweet slumber shaken from her opening lids,
 My lovely Patty to her dairy lies:
 385 There from the surface of expanded bowls
 She skims the floating cream; and to her churn
 Commits the rich consistence; nor disdains,
 Though soft her hand, tho' delicate her frame,
 To urge the rural toil; fond to obtain
 390 The country-housewife's humble name and praise.
 Continu'd agitation separates soon
 The unctuous particles; with gentler strokes
 And artful, soon they coalesce: at length,
 Cool water pouring from the limpid spring

Into

395 Into a smooth-glaz'd vessel, deep and wide,
 She gathers the loose fragments to an heap;
 Which in the cleansing wave well-wrought, and press'd
 To one consistent golden mass, receives
 The sprinkled seasoning; and of patts, or pounds,
 400 The fair impression, the neat shape assumes.
 Is cheefe her care? Warm from the teat she pours
 The milky flood: An acid juice infus'd,
 From the dry'd stomach drawn of suckling calf,
 Coagulates the whole. Immediate now
 405 Her spreading hands bear down the gathering curd,
 Which hard and harder grows; till, clear and thin,
 The green whey rises separate. Happy swains!
 O how I envy ye the luscious draught,
 The soft salubrious Beverage! To a vat,
 410 The size and fashion which her taste approves,
 She bears the snow-white heaps, her future cheefe;
 And the strong press establishes its form.

AGRICULTURE CANTO III.

But nicer cates, her dairy's boasted fare,
 The jelly'd cream, or custard, daintiest food,
 415 Or cheefecake, or the cooling syllabub,
 For Thyrsis she prepares; who from the field
 Returning, with the kiss of love sincere,
 Salutes her rosy lip. A tender look,
 Meantime, and chearful smiles, his welcome speak:
 420 Down to their frugal board Contentment sits,
 And calls it feasting. Prattling infants dear
 Engage their fond regard, and closer tye
 The band of nuptial love. They, happy, feel
 Each other's bliss, and both in different spheres
 425 Employ'd, nor seek nor wish that cheating charm,
 Variety, which idlers to their aid
 Call in, to make the length of lazy life
 Drag on less heavily. Domestic cares
 Her children and her dairy, well divide,
 430 Th' appropriated hours, and duty makes
 Employment pleasure. He, delighted, gives

Each

Each busy season of the rolling year,
To raise, to feed, t' improve the generous horse,
And fit for various use his strength or speed.

435 Dull, patient, heavy, of large limbs robust,
Whom neither beauty marks, nor spirits fire;
Him, to the servile toil of dragging slow
The burthen'd carriage; or to drudge beneath
A ponderous load impos'd, his justice dooms.

440 Yet, straining in th' enormous cars which crowd
Thy bustling streets, Augusta, queen of trade,
What noble beasts are seen? sweating beneath
Their toil, and trembling at the driver's whip,
Urg'd with malicious fury on the parts

445 Where feeling lives most sensible of pain.
Fell tyrants, hold! forbear your hell-born rage!
See ye not every sinew, every nerve
Stretch'd even to bursting? Villains! — But the Muse,
Quick from the savage ruffians turns her eye

450 Frowning indignant. Steeds of hardier kind,

And cool tho' spritely, to the travel'd road
 He defines; sure of foot, of steady pace,
 Active, and persevering, uncompel'd,
 The tedious length of many a beaten mile.

- 455 But not alone to these inferior tribes
 Th' ambitious swain confines his generous breed:
 Hark! in his fields, when now the distant sounds
 Of winding horns, and dogs, and huntsmen's shouts
 Awake the sense, his kindling hunter neighs,
 460 Quick start his ears erect, his beating heart
 Exults, his light limbs bound, he bears aloft,
 Rais'd by tumultuous joy, his tossing head;
 And all impatient for the well-known sport,
 Leaps the tall fence, and listening to the cry,
 465 Pursues with voluntary speed the chase:
 See! o'er the plain he sweeps, nor hedge nor ditch
 Obstructs his eager flight; nor straining hills,
 Nor headlong steep, deter the vigorous feed:
 Till join'd at length, associate of the sport,

He

470 He mingles with the train, stops as they stop,
Pursues as they pursue, and all the wild
Enlivening raptures of the field enjoys.

Easy in motion, perfect in his form,
His boasted lineage drawn from steeds of blood,
475 He the fleet courser too, exulting shews,
And points with pride his beauties. Neatly set
His lively head, and glowing in his eye
True spirit lives. His nostril wide, inhales
With ease the ambient air. His body firm
480 And round, upright his joints, his horny hoofs
Small, shining, light; and large his ample reach.
His limbs, tho' slender, brac'd with finewy strength,
Declare his winged speed. His temper mild,
Yet high his mettled heart. Hence in the race,
485 All emulous, he hears the clashing whips;
He feels the animating shouts; exerts
With eagerness his utmost powers; and strains,
And springs, and flies, to reach the destin'd goal.

But

But lo! the boast, the glory of his stalls,
 490 His warrior steed appears. What comely pride,
 What dignity, what grace, attend on all
 His motions? See! exulting in his strength,
 He paws the ground impatient. On his brow
 Courage enthroned sits, and animates
 495 His fearless eye. He bends his arched crest,
 His mane loose-flowing, ruffles in the wind,
 Cloathing his chest with fury. Proud, he snorts,
 Champs on the foaming bit, and prancing high,
 Disdainful seems to tread the fordid earth.
 500 Yet hears he and obeys his master's voice,
 All gentleness: and feels, with conscious pride,
 His dappled neck clap'd with a cheering hand.
 But when the battle's martial sounds invade
 His ear, when drums and trumpets loud proclaim
 505 The rushing onset; when thick smoke, when fire
 Bursts thundering from the cannon's awful mouth;
 Then all inspir'd he kindles into flame!

Intrepid,

Intrepid, neighs aloud; and, panting, seems
 Impatient to express his swelling joys
 510 Unutterable. On Danger's brink he stands,
 And mocks at Fear. Then springing with delight,
 Plunges into the wild confusion. Terror flies
 Before his dreadful front; and in his rear
 Destruction marks her bloody progress. Such,
 515 Such was the steed Thou, CUMBERLAND, bestrode'st,
 When black Rebellion fell beneath thy hand,
 Rome and her papal tyranny subdu'd,
 On great Culloden's memorable field.
 Such thine, unconquer'd MARLBOROUGH, when the throne
 520 Of Lewis totter'd, and thy glittering steel
 On Blenheim's plain immortal trophies reap'd.
 And such, O PRINCE! great patron of my theme,
 Should e'er insidious France again presume
 On Europe's freedom, such, tho' all averse
 525 To slaughtering war, thy country shall present,
 To bear her Hero to the martial plain,
 Arm'd with the sword of justice. Other cause

Ne'er

88 AGRICULTURE. CANTO III.

Ne'er shall Ambition's sophistry persuade
Thine honour to espouse. Britannia's peace;
530 Her sacred rights; her just, her equal laws;
These, these alone, to cherish or defend,
Shall raise thy youthful arm, and wake to war,
To dreadful war, the British Lion's rage.

But milder stars on thy illustrious birth
535 Their kindest influence shed. Beneath the smile
Of thy indulgence, the protected Arts
Lifting their graceful heads; her envy'd sail
Fair Commerce spreading to remotest climes;
And Plenty rising from th' encourag'd Plough;
540 Shall feed, enrich, adorn, the happy land.



FINIS.